

Our 'Forgotten' Pioneers

By HAROLD LUNDSTROM

Deseret News Editorial Writer

ASK ANY Utah or LDS school boy, "How many pioneers were in Brigham Young's company that first arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in July, 1847?" and you'll likely get a correct answer: "143 men, three women, and two children."

Ask this same boy, "How many pioneers came into Salt Lake Valley on July 22, 23, and 24? In the month of July? During the entire summer of 1847?" and you very likely will get the same answer as he gave to your first question.

His first answer is not quite correct for your succeeding questions. Actually, Brigham Young's first company picked up some additional pioneers while on the Pioneer Trail.

These other pioneers are so infrequently mentioned and listed, that, to some degree at least, they might be called "Our forgotten pioneers." Their names are buried in private family records and only remembered by a handful of descendants as compared with the names of the personnel of the "First Company" that are to be found in many documents.

TWO OF THE LEAST KNOWN of the six "other" 1847 pioneer companies are the "Sick Detachment" company and the "Mississippi Company." These two companies had spent the winter of 1846-47 at Pueblo, Colorado. Early in the spring of 1847 they traveled 250 miles north to Fort Laramie, where some of them joined with Brigham Young's company; the others followed a few days later.

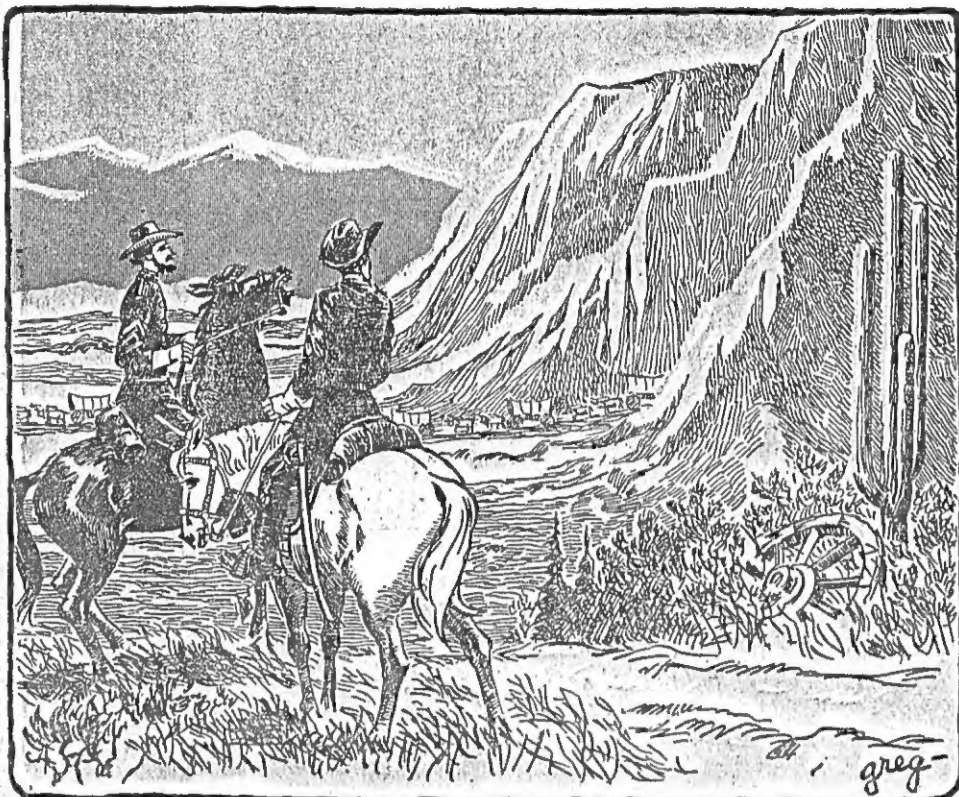
When President Young's company arrived at Fort Laramie, it was met by Robert Crow and George Therikill of the "Mississippi Company." Part of this company—seven wagons and 17 people, chiefly the Crow and Therikill families—had been at Fort Laramie for two weeks, anxiously waiting the arrival of the first company of Saints from Winter Quarters with whom they expected to cross the mountains. These 17 persons came into Salt Lake Valley with the first company. The balance of the Mississippi Company was with the "Sick Detachment" of the Mormon Battalion at Pueblo.

Four men—Amasa M. Lyman, Thomas Woolsey, Raswell Stevens, and J. H. Tippetts—were dispatched by Brigham Young to meet the "Sick Detachment" and the other members of the Mississippi Company. How this second large group—180 members—was met and brought into Salt Lake Valley on July 29, only five days after Brigham Young arrived on July 24 is recounted by John W. Hess, a member of the Mormon Battalion, in his "Journal." An extract of this little-known but nonetheless fascinating "Journal" follows:

"ABOUT JULY 20TH (1846) we took up our line of March for Fort Leavenworth. About this time I heard of the death of my father which took place on the 22nd day of June 1846 at the place I had left him. Inasmuch as he could not recover I was thankful to God that he had been relieved of his suffering. Although it was a dark hour for my poor Mother to be left in such a desolate and sickly place without her natural protector and with four small children and nothing to live on.

"In due time we arrived at Fort Leavenworth where we received our outfits of clothing, provisions, arms, and ammunition. We remained here about two weeks after which we started on our March to Santa Fe—a distance of one thousand miles. It was a very tedious march to be performed on foot. Much of the distance with very little water and grass and with dry buffalo chips for fuel.

"We passed over one desert 80 miles across; the only means of carrying water was in canteens holding two quarts each, one of which was carried by each man. A great many



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"This I could not consent to and retain my manhood. I remonstrated with Captain Davis, but to no purpose. I could not make any impression on him. I told him I would gladly go and drive the team if he would let my wife go along, but he said there was no room in the wagon.

"Then I told him that I would not go and leave my wife—I would die first. This was a bold assertion for a private to make to his Captain, but the emergency seemed to demand it. There were many others in the command who were in the same situation that I was who had their wives with them and wanted to go back with him, but had not the courage to make a fuss about it.

"BY THIS TIME I HAD DONE all I could with the officers of the Battalion; but they either could not or would not do anything for me, so I resolved to go and see General Doniphan, Commander of the Post. "I asked John Steel to go with me, he being in the same situation as myself. We went to the Colonel and with our hats under our arms we entered the Colonel's quarters and called his attention to our business.

"He informed us in a very stern manner that it was reported to him that the men who had women there wanted to go on and let their women go back, and in accordance therewith provisions had been drawn for the Battalion and for the Detachment and there could be no changes made.

"I told him that we had not been consulted in the matter; he told us to leave the quarters, gruffly remarking that he had left his wife.

"I thought I would venture one more remark, which was, 'Colonel, I suppose you left your wife with her friends, while we are required to leave ours in our enemy's country in care of a lot of sick demoralized men.'

"This seemed to touch a sympathetic cord, and he called very sharply—'Orderly! Orderly! Go up to the command and bring Adjutant George P. Dokes here.'

"Adjutant Dokes returned to the Command and climbing up on top of the hind wheel of the wagon shouted at the top of his voice—'All you men who have wives here can go back with them. I have never seen men go about crying enough to

accomplished and in a short time the Battalion was on the move West and the Detachment on the move East by Northeast.

"THE DETACHMENT was composed of all the men who had become disabled and sick through the long march which they had performed on foot. Their outfit of teams was composed of given out, broken down oxen that had been used in freighting supplies for the Government across the plains, and were not fit for any kind of efficient service, so they compared very well with the majority of men.

"Our rations of provisions were very good in quality but very short as to quantity, the Post of Santa Fe being very short of provisions at that time. After we had gotten on the move, we found we had only three-fourths enough rations of flour and everything else in proportion, such as beans, sugar, coffee, pork, and rice, with the difficulties mentioned above, together with the fact that we were only allowed the time to reach Fort Bend that a lot of able bodied men would be allowed to make the same journey in.

"Our slow traveling soon put us on half rations as eight miles per day was the best we could do. We had lots of beef cattle, but they compared unfavorably with the rest of the outfit, so poor that many of them gave out by the way, great economy had to be used by killing the poorest first, the reader can imagine the quality of the beef.

"AS USUAL, ON THE MARCH I had charge of a team but instead of a six-mule-team it was a team of four yoke oxen, quite a contrast—our progress being so slow that we were put on quarter rations in order to make them hold out until we should reach Fort Bend.

"It seemed as if we had gone about as far as we could when one morning after the guard had driven the Oxen into camp, it was found that there were 30 head of stray oxen in the herd, all of them in good condition. Captain Brown gave orders to distribute them in the teams of the Detachment, and with such an addition of strength to our teams, we got along fine.

"About noon, however, there came into our camp two men on horseback inquiring for stray oxen. "Captain Brown told them that

fresh cattle which we considered a divine interposition from the kind hand of God in our behalf, as it seemed about the only chance for deliverance from starvation.

"IN DUE TIME WE REACHED Fort Bend, and exchanged our dilapidated outfit for a new one, with a full supply of rations for the winter which seemed to put an end to all of our troubles. We moved up the Arkansas River 70 miles to a place then called Pueblo where we put up houses for the winter.

"These houses were constructed of cottonwood logs split in halves and then pieces all joined together to form a stockade. Here we passed the winter in drilling, hunting and having a good time generally.

"It was then about seven months since we had received any pay so Captain Brown concluded to go to Santa Fe with the pay roll of the Detachment and draw our wages. He took a guard of 10 men of which I was one of them. We started about the last day of February, had a high range of mountains to cross called the Raton Range. We encountered a great deal of snow at times we had to tramp the snow for miles so our pack animals could walk over it, but in due time we arrived at Santa Fe.

"The money was drawn and we started on our return trip. We got back to our quarters at Pueblo about the first of April and found spring weather.

"WE BEGAN AT ONCE to prepare for our march. About the 15th of April we started due North for Fort Laramie, 300 miles distant on the California road at which place we expected to find or hear of the Pioneer Company that was expected to fit out and go to find a location for the Saints.

"On our way we were met by Amasa Lyman and others who had come from the Pioneers' camp. This was indeed a happy meeting to get news from our loved ones and it greatly relieved our anxieties as we then learned that the camp was ahead of us led by President Brigham Young and he led by revelations, so we pushed on with fresh courage and finally struck their trail about two weeks ahead of us.

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"The Pioneers reached Salt Lake.

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strongest carrying water back to
their comrades.

"FINALLY WE REACHED Santa
Fe. During this time General
Kearney was fighting the Mexicans
in Upper California and was about
to be overpowered by them so he
sent an express to Santa Fe to have
the men of the Battalion inspected
by the Doctor and all the able-bodied
men fitted out and put on a forced
march to go to his relief and all the
sick and disabled, and all the women
to be sent back.

"Then came one of the greatest
tests of my life; it happened this
way. I had been a teamster all the
way and had proved that I could
take good care of a team and was a
careful driver and as Captain Davis
had his family with him, and also
his own private team, he wanted me
to drive it for him, but the inten-
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"Adjutant Dokes returned to the
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shouted at the top of his voice—
'All you men who have wives here
can go back with them. I have never
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melt the heart of a crocodile before,
so I have arranged it with the Colo-
nel.'

"I said, 'You hypocritical liar,
you will take the credit that belongs
to others.' This remark he did not
hear, but, however, the object was

accomplished and in a short time
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"Captain Brown told them that
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"We followed their trail but did
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pected to.

"The Pioneers reached Salt Lake
Valley July 24th and the Detach-
ment on July 29th—and on that
same day we were discharged from
service in the United States Army
and I became a free man once more.

"I feel that the year's service de-
scribed above is one of the noblest
and grandest acts of my life for the
reason that Israel was on the Altar
of sacrifice and that the 'Mormon
Battalion' of which I was a mem-
ber, went as the Ram into the
thicket, and Israel was saved.

"I WAS NOW in a country that was
untried, and 1,000 miles from
anywhere—no supplies could be got
—I had only the outfit of a dis-
charged soldier which consisted of
a small tent, a sheetiron camp ket-
tle, a mess pan, two tin plates, two
spoons, two knives, and forks, a
pair of blankets, badly worn, two
old quilts, 10 pounds of flour and my
dear precious wife Emeline who had
been with me through all the trials
and the hardships, and had endured
them all without a murmur."

The Bell Ringers' Rebellion

IT MAY not disturb the jukebox
generation, but the electronic
age has overtaken the ancient art of
bell-ringing. It has produced a crisis
among the proud carillonneurs who
for centuries have tolled the bells of
Europe's famed cathedrals.

The innovation that has the bell-
ringers in a dither is an American-
made electronic carillon which peals
out melodic chimes from the Vatican
pavilion at the Brussels World's
Fair.

VIEWING THIS as a threat to their
centuries-old profession, Euro-
pean carillonneurs are angrily sign-

ing pledges "never to play, no matter
under what conditions, an elec-
tronic carillon."

They claim an electronic carillon
is not in fact a carillon and "has
nothing in common with the art of
carillon playing practiced by the un-
dersigned."

They are also circulating letters
to one another, declaring in ringing
tones: "It is up to us carillonneurs
to form a strong opposition bloc
against what is happening in Brus-
sels as well as against all propa-
ganda and practical performance of
such an electronic apparatus.

5 Apr 19

Best-Prepared Pioneers In The West

By RAY A. BILLINGTON
Professor of American History,
Northwestern University

ONCE more the decision must be made; should they defy their tormentors or flee to still a newer land?

Fortunately this decision rested on an individual remarkably well equipped to provide the correct answer—the president of the Council of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Brigham Young.

His ordinary exterior hid a mind that was sharp and incisive, a remarkable memory, an indomitable will, and great powers of leadership. Few men were as well equipped to lead the Mormons to a new land.

To Brigham Young there was only one answer to the problem facing his people. They could find repose only by fleeing to an isolated and unwanted spot far beyond the settlements. The most isolated area in all the West lay beside the Great Salt Lake, where towering mountains blocked access from the east and arid deserts from the west and south.

ALL THAT WINTER preparations for the migration went on. In early February a pioneer band crossed the frozen Mississippi to Iowa, there to build Camp of Israel as the first of a string of way stations across that territory. Others followed, amidst snow and sleet and chilling rain. By June, Nauvoo was a deserted city.

As Saints poured into Camp of Israel through that spring of 1846, another stream moved out of the camp to begin the march westward.

In this journey across Iowa, Brigham first displayed the organizing genius that endowed the Mormon migrations with an order and comfort unrivaled in the history of overland trails.

He explained his system on February 17, 1846, when he called his followers together. They would move, he told them, not as a group but in a series of small parties. He would start westward with the first band at once, with others following at regular intervals. All must keep strict order and live in peace with the people they met; young men must seek work along the way to buy food and equipment. Then, with 200 wagons, he started westward toward the Missouri.

AS THIS PIONEER GROUP moved across Iowa, Brigham Young ordered halts at set intervals to build rest camps for those who would follow.

At Garden Grove, 155 miles from Camp of Israel, a major way station was constructed; when the party moved on, some were left to plant crops so that later migrants

would have food.

Again, in the valley of the Lewis River, they stopped to build Mount Pisgah, with buildings, planted fields, a gristmill and shops. By June 14, 1846, Young and his pioneers were at the Missouri, where they laid out a third principal encampment. This was christened Winter Quarters, because here the Mormons would spend the winter before moving on to the Far West.

So well had Brigham Young and his pioneers labored that the caravans which followed their trail experienced few difficulties. The first left Camp of Israel on March 1, 1846, "without confusion, without hurrying or even discord"; others followed at regular intervals until they formed a giant procession 300 miles long.

Each wagon train, following Young's instructions, was divided into "hundreds" or "fifties" under a captain; these in turn were divided into "tens" controlled by a lieutenant who kept order, settled disputes, and supervised the day's march and night encampment.

RARELY IN HISTORY had a mass migration been accomplished with so little difficulty. Of hardship, of course, there was plenty; not even Young's genius could control the weather or ease the pangs of hunger among those too poor to buy food. But scarcely a word of complaint was heard.

By autumn all 15,000 were safe in Winter Quarters, or in one of the way stations of Iowa.

The winter tried their patience. Huddled in drafty cabins or tents, they seldom had enough fuel or food, while a plague that spread among them carried off no less than 600 before spring. Yet little heed was paid these discomforts, for all were too busy planning the migration that would begin in April.

Few emigrants began their journey westward as well versed in the arts of travel as did the Saints.

THE FIRST GROUP started west on April 9, 1847—a "pioneer band" of 143 men, three women, and two children, led by Brigham Young.

All had been carefully selected for endurance and skills; most were between 30 and 50 years of age, while a proper proportion of farmers, artisans, and craftsmen assured efficiency in founding their settlement.

As they moved out of Winter Quarters they followed a rigid schedule. Each morning a bugle sounded at 5 o'clock, to be followed by prayers and breakfast while draft animals grazed. Another bugle blast signaled the start of the day's march.



The Mormons Made An Orderly March Under One Of America's Greatest Leaders

The caravan moved forward in single file except in dangerous Indian country, when a double column was used. At 8:30 each evening the train halted after wheeling the wagons into a circle; after supper and prayers, the whole camp was asleep.

With such an efficient organization, the pioneer band moved rapidly. As they passed through South Pass they heard disquieting news; first an old trapper and then the mountain man, Jim Bridger, warned them that the Valley of the Great Salt Lake was an arid desert that would support nothing but cactus and sagebrush.

Near the Green River they met Samuel Brannan, a Mormon leader who had taken 238 Saints to California by sea the year before and who had come eastward now to urge them to follow him into the San Joaquin Valley.

Once more Brigham Young re-

fused to be deterred. "God has made the choice—not Brigham Young," he patiently explained. Nor did a single Saint raise his voice in protest.

IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS,

on July 12, Brigham Young took to his bed with mountain fever, but he ordered Orson Pratt to take 23 wagons and push on.

By July 14 this advance party was wending its way between the red-walled cliffs of Echo Canyon; it climbed steadily upward, then crossed the summit to plunge into the narrow defile of Emigration Canyon. As this broadened near its western outlet, the Saints had their first glimpse of their future home.

There was little in the sight to gladden their hearts.

ORSON PRATT and eight others entered the valley on the morning of July 22, 1847. Turning northward, they camped on the banks of a clear stream which they called City Creek. The sun-baked earth shattered their plows at first, but when they flooded the ground they could plant with ease.

By the time Brigham Young and the rest of the pioneer band arrived on July 24, all were busily planting potatoes or building a dam across the creek to turn more water onto the land.

The second caravan reached the valley on July 29, and a month later the third arrived, with 566 wagons and 1,500 men, women and children. When migration ended that fall, some 1,800 Saints lived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, while 108 of the men had returned to Winter Quarters with Brigham Young to arrange the next year's migration.

That first year would have tried the souls of a less devout people. Only 29 cabins had been built before winter struck; the rest of the Mormons lived in tents or dugouts or canvas-covered wagons.

WITH THE SPRING of 1848 their spirits revived as all turned to planting the 5,000-acre "big field" laid out the year before.

But again fate was unkind. Late frosts killed part of their crop; in June swarms of black crickets descended in such multitudes that all seemed lost.

'He Is Risen'

The News That Will Be Proclaimed Sunday

By LOUIS CASSELS

United Press Staff Correspondent

ON a bright spring day, 19 centuries ago, a bearded young man rode into the walled city of Jerusalem on a donkey's back.

The people of the city greeted Him as a hero. They thought He had come to lead a revolt against the Roman Army of occupation. They cut branches off the trees and strewed them in His path. They yelled "Hosanna," which was their version of "Hip, Hip, Hooray."

Thus began the final week of Jesus Christ's life among men—a week that Christians regard as the most momentous in history.

The events of this "Holy Week," which really covers a span of eight days, are commemorated in churches throughout the world this year from Palm Sunday, March 30, through Easter, April 6.

PALM SUNDAY is the anniversary (the 1,929th anniversary, if calendar errors are taken into account) of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem. Because of the initial welcome that He got, His donkey ride into the city is sometimes called the "Triumphal



bill tourists. He seized a whip and drove them out.

BY WEDNESDAY, Jesus could see that He was making few converts and a great many enemies. He left Jerusalem and spent the day with some friends who lived in a little suburb called Bethany.

Meanwhile, leaders of organized religion and respectable men of property met secretly in the city and decided that this trouble-maker must be put to death. They made a

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quary a pioneer band the frozen Mississippi to there to build Camp of Israel a first of a string of way stations across that territory. Others followed, amidst snow and sleet and chilling rain. By June, Nauvoo was a deserted city.

As Saints poured into Camp of Israel through that spring of 1846, another stream moved out of the camp to begin the march westward.

In this journey across Iowa, Brigham first displayed the organizing genius that endowed the Mormon migrations with an order and comfort unrivaled in the history of overland trails.

He explained his system on February 17, 1846, when he called his followers together. They would move, he told them, not as a group but in a series of small parties. He would start westward with the first band at once, with others following at regular intervals. All must keep strict order and live in peace with the people they met; young men must seek work along the way to buy food and equipment. Then, with 200 wagons, he started westward toward the Missouri.

AS THIS PIONEER GROUP moved across Iowa, Brigham Young ordered halts at set intervals to build rest camps for those who would follow.

At Garden Grove, 155 miles from Camp of Israel, a major way station was constructed; when the party moved on, some were left to plant crops so that later migrants

of course, there was plenty; not even Young's genius could control the weather or ease the pangs of hunger among those too poor to buy food. But scarcely a word of complaint was heard.

By autumn all 15,000 were safe in Winter Quarters, or in one of the way stations of Iowa.

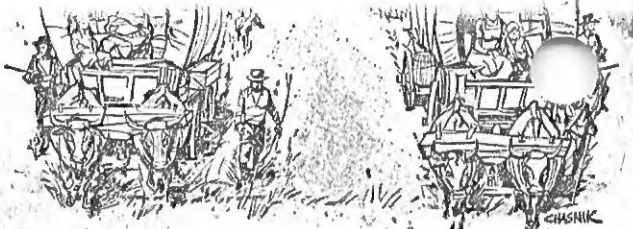
The winter tried their patience. Huddled in drafty cabins or tents, they seldom had enough fuel or food, while a plague that spread among them carried off no less than 600 before spring. Yet little heed was paid these discomforts, for all were too busy planning the migration that would begin in April.

Few emigrants began their journey westward as well versed in the arts of travel as did the Saints.

THE FIRST GROUP started west on April 9, 1847—a "pioneer band" of 143 men, three women, and two children, led by Brigham Young.

All had been carefully selected for endurance and skills; most were between 30 and 50 years of age, while a proper proportion of farmers, artisans, and craftsmen assured efficiency in founding their settlement.

As they moved out of Winter Quarters they followed a rigid schedule. Each morning a bugle sounded at 5 o'clock, to be followed by prayers and breakfast while draft animals grazed. Another bugle blast signaled the start of the day's march.



The Mormons Made An Orderly March Under One Of America's Greatest Leaders

The caravan moved forward in single file except in dangerous Indian country, when a double column was used. At 8:30 each evening the train halted after wheeling the wagons into a circle; after supper and prayers, the whole camp was asleep.

With such an efficient organization, the pioneer band moved rapidly. As they passed through South Pass they heard disquieting news; first an old trapper and then the mountain man, Jim Bridger, warned them that the Valley of the Great Salt Lake was an arid desert that would support nothing but cactus and sagebrush.

Near the Green River they met Samuel Brannan, a Mormon leader who had taken 238 Saints to California by sea the year before and who had come eastward now to urge them to follow him into the San Joaquin Valley.

Once more Brigham Young re-

fused to be deterred. "God has made the choice—not Brigham Young," he patiently explained. Nor did a single Saint raise his voice in protest.

IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS,

on July 12, Brigham Young took to his bed with mountain fever, but he ordered Orson Pratt to take 23 wagons and push on.

By July 14 this advance party was wending its way between the red-walled cliffs of Echo Canyon; it climbed steadily upward, then crossed the summit to plunge into the narrow defile of Emigration Canyon. As this broadened near its western outlet, the Saints had their first glimpse of their future home.

There was little in the sight to gladden their hearts.

ORSON PRATT and eight others

entered the valley on the morning of July 22, 1847. Turning northward, they camped on the banks of a clear stream which they called City Creek. The sun-baked earth shattered their plows at first, but when they flooded the ground they could plant with ease.

By the time Brigham Young and the rest of the pioneer band arrived on July 24, all were busily planting potatoes or building a dam across the creek to turn more water onto the land.

The second caravan reached the valley on July 29, and a month later the third arrived, with 566 wagons and 1,500 men, women and children. When migration ended that fall, some 1,800 Saints lived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, while 108 of the men had returned to Winter Quarters with Brigham Young to arrange the next year's migration.

That first year would have tried the souls of a less devout people. Only 29 cabins had been built before winter struck; the rest of the Mormons lived in tents or dugouts or canvas-covered wagons.

WITH THE SPRING of 1848 their spirits revived as all turned to planting the 5,000-acre "big field" laid out the year before.

But again fate was unkind. Late frosts killed part of their crop; in June swarms of black crickets descended in such multitudes that all seemed lost.

In this darkest moment the Saints' prayers were answered when clouds of sea gulls appeared to forage on the insects, but half of all that had been planted was already destroyed. Even the crops that survived withered and died amidst the searing drought of July and August.

THIS WAS THE SITUATION

that faced Brigham Young when he returned from the East on September, 1848.

To one of his abilities, both the problem and its solution were clear. The Saints, he realized, had relied too much on God and too little on themselves. They could prosper only by constant effort; this, moreover, must be a joint effort, for the forces of nature were too powerful to be combated by individuals.

This realization launched one of the most successful co-operative experiments in all history.

(The foregoing article is an excerpt from "American Heritage" Magazine, from an adaptation of a chapter from his book, "The Far Western Frontier.")

'He Is Risen'

The News That Will Be Proclaimed Sunday

By LOUIS CASSELS

United Press Staff Correspondent

ON a bright spring day, 19 centuries ago, a bearded young man rode into the walled city of Jerusalem on a donkey's back.

The people of the city greeted Him as a hero. They thought He had come to lead a revolt against the Roman Army of occupation. They cut branches off the trees and strewed them in His path. They yelled "Hosanna," which was their version of "Hip, Hip, Hooray."

Thus began the final week of Jesus Christ's life among men—a week that Christians regard as the most momentous in history.

The events of this "Holy Week," which really covers a span of eight days, are commemorated in churches throughout the world this year from Palm Sunday, March 30, through Easter, April 6.

PALM SUNDAY is the anniversary (the 1,929th anniversary, if calendar errors are taken into account) of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem. Because of the initial welcome that He got, His donkey ride into the city is sometimes called the "Triumphal Entry."

But as many Palm Sunday sermons noted, Jesus Himself did not regard it as a triumph. He knew that the fickle crowds would turn against Him when they learned that He was not the kind of king they wanted. He had already told His disciples that He was going to Jerusalem, not to be honored, but to be tried for heresy and executed.

The 33-year-old itinerant preacher spent Monday and Tuesday of that eventful week at Jerusalem's hilltop temple, trying to make clear by words and deeds the true nature of the "Kingdom of God" which He had come to proclaim. When He talked to plain people, He illustrated His points with homely little stories called parables.

When theologians and lawyers tried to trap Him with loaded questions, He quoted their own scriptures and law books to them.

Once He got mad at the racketeers who had set up carnival-like booths in the temple courtyard to



bilk tourists. He seized a whip and drove them out.

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Meanwhile, leaders of organized religion and respectable men of property met secretly in the city and decided that this trouble-maker must be put to death. They made a deal with a disgruntled disciple named Judas Iscariot to serve as finger-man for the arrest.

On Thursday evening, Jesus celebrated the Jewish Feast of the Passover with his disciples in the upstairs room of a private home in Jerusalem. The supper of unleavened bread and wine was spread on a low wooden table. Jesus heard some of his disciples squabbling over which of them was most important.

To teach them a lesson in humility, He took a towel and basin of water, and washed the grime from their sandal-shod feet—a task, usually performed by slaves in the homes of the rich. He told them that in the kingdom of God, the great men were those who served others.

SOME WORDS that Jesus said when

He passed out the bread and wine gave that last supper a special significance. He said the bread represented His body, the wine His blood.

He told His disciples that the body would soon be broken and the blood spilled because He loved them, and because only by suffering on their behalf could He "ransom" them from sin and death.

The drama moved swiftly to its climax after that. Jesus was arrested, tried in the middle of the night, found guilty of blasphemy for acknowledging that He claimed to be the Son of God.

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day, after being tortured for several hours, Jesus was taken to the top of a hill named Calvary. He was stripped of His clothing and made to lie down on a crude wooden cross. His arms were stretched out on the crossbeam and wooden nails were hammered through the palms of each hand. Other nails were driven through His feet to attach them to the central post.

Then the cross was raised upright, and its bottom end was dropped into a hole in the ground.

He hung there for three hours. Crucifixion is an extremely painful form of execution and men undergoing it rarely are able to utter any sounds except screams of agony. Jesus managed to speak seven brief sentences—one of which was, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

WHEN HE WAS DEAD, His body

was placed in a tomb hewn out of rock. It lay there over Saturday, the Jewish sabbath.

Early Sunday morning a few women mourners went to the tomb to apply embalming ointments to the body.

They returned with news which the scattered, frightened disciples at first found incredible, but which they later confirmed for themselves and set forth to preach to all the world—the news that will be proclaimed anew in a million anthems on Easter morning!

"He is risen!"

Mormon Minute Men

Pioneer guerrillas defied a U.S. Army
to protect their homeland from invasion

by David E. Miller
History Dept., University of Utah

"For God's sake, don't burn the trains," begged wagonmaster Dawson as Lot Smith prepared to apply the torch. "It is for His sake that I am going to burn them," replied Smith as he set about the incendiary business at hand. Soon the valley of Big Sandy Fork was lighted by bright flames as fifty-one heavily laden supply wagons went up in smoke.

JUST a hundred years ago units of the United States Army, 2,500 strong—or weak—were bivouacked at Fort Scott just outside the charred remains of old Fort Bridger in southwestern Wyoming. Under the command of Colonel (later Brevet General) Albert Sidney Johnston this segment of our army had intended to enjoy the winter in Salt Lake Valley, but had found the way effectively blocked by adamant Mormon militiamen, mustered under direct orders from Brigham Young to stop the advancing soldiers east of the Wasatch Mountains.

Following their orders to the letter, Mormon guerrillas had destroyed Army supply wagons, driven off large herds of cattle, and burned miles of grass and other vegetation so necessary to successful military maneuvers a century ago. Even Fort Bridger, the only site that would have afforded any shelter for an Army winter camp, had been put to the torch as an additional means of impeding the advance of the troops.

Why the Army had been dispatched to Utah, the nature of the Mormon resistance and the ultimate peaceful settlement of the whole unfortunate episode constitutes an interesting chapter in U.S. military as well as Utah history.

THE whole unfortunate incident had grown out of friction between Mormons and "Gentile" appointees to positions in the territorial government of Utah. Several of those disgruntled officers had returned to the East with tales of murder, destruction of U.S. property, and general lawlessness under the dictatorship of Governor Brigham Young.

It is not surprising officials in Washington were led to believe Utah was in rebellion, but it is surprising to note that an army was sent to suppress the rebellion without waiting for a thorough investigation of the charges. Had an investigation been made, no army would have been sent. President James Buchanan had acted hastily and unwisely.

News of the advancing army reached Brigham at Brighton July 24th, where 2,500 Mormons were celebrating the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley. Uninformed regarding its mission, Church leaders concluded that the military had been ordered to exterminate the Mormons.

With the memory of Missouri and Illinois mob action still vivid in their minds, Mormons could not bear the thought of being subjected to military rule, and at the same time being deprived of their own means of defense. So they decided to resist. Lot Smith's words cited



Stone wall erected by Mormon Militia on bluff edge remains as solid as when manned by riflemen.

above, clearly indicate the Mormons' attitude regarding the march of Johnston's Army to Utah. Resistance was considered by good Churchmen as sort of a holy crusade.

IF THERE had been no rebellion before, there certainly was now. The Utah militia, commonly known as the Nauvoo Legion, was given the task of stalling the Army east of the Wasatch and detaining it there long enough to allow time for an investigation which Mormon leaders knew would disprove any charges against them and bring the "war" to an end without the shedding of blood.

The defense strategy was to fortify all routes leading into the Salt Lake Valley and to harry wagon supply trains as they rolled westward from South Pass. This program was placed in the hands of Lt. General of the Nauvoo Legion, Daniel H. Wells, who proceeded to conduct a very effective type of guerrilla warfare.

Major Lot Smith and others were dispatched to the vicinity east and north of Fort Bridger to intercept the wagon trains. The first outfits were encountered on October 4 and wagon masters agreed to turn back to save having their wagons burned. But this proved unsatisfactory to Smith for the wagons were soon turned around again, when the Mormon guerrillas seemed to be at a safe distance. The second train encountered consisted of fifty-two wag-

ons. Only one was left unburned. Shortly thereafter twenty-three of a twenty-five wagon train were put to the torch in Simpson's Hollow.

A total of seventy-four U.S. Army supply wagons and their cargoes were thus burned within a few days. The staggering list of supplies destroyed includes the following:

- 46 tons of bacon
- 1 ton of ham
- 84 tons of flour
- 4.5 tons of coffee
- .7 ton of sugar
- 2,970 gals. of vinegar
- 6 tons of soap
- 84 gals. of molasses
- 4 tons of bread
- .5 ton of tea

IN CASE Lot Smith and his fellow guerrillas should fail to halt the forward motion of the Army, defense fortifications were built at strategic points along the main road between Fort Bridger and Salt Lake City.

Echo Canyon proved to be just such a strategic spot, for at the narrows the wagon road ran right at the foot of perpendicular cliffs several hundred feet in height. Small bands of Mormon militiamen were soon busy converting these natural barriers into fortified positions. On top of the cliff, crude but adequate stone walls were built to furnish cover for riflemen.

Today some of these walls are still pretty much as they were left

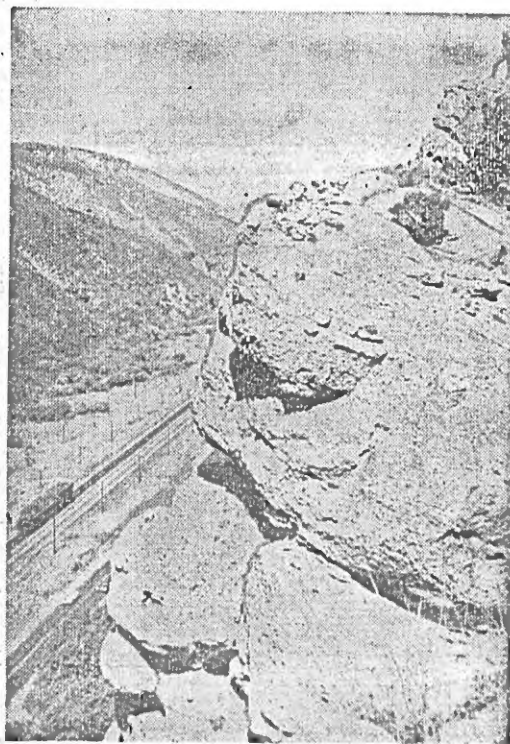
a century ago. Logs, charred to resemble cannon barrels, were pointed over the walls to deceive any approaching enemy. At the foot of these cliffs dams were thrown across Echo Creek in order to create many small ponds that would help bog down an advancing army. At the mouth of Little Emigration Canyon (in East Canyon) two impressive rows of stone fortifications still remain.

As it turned out, the Mormons had no occasion to test their impressive fortifications. The Army made no attempt to move west from Fort Bridger before the spring of 1853 and by that time it had become apparent to the newly appointed governor, Alfred Cumming, that there need be no fighting.

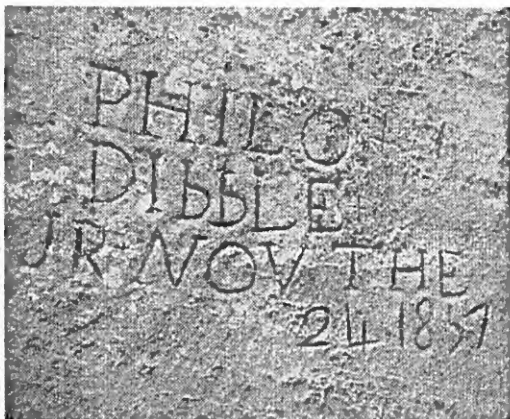
HE HAD been escorted from Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City in April. His party was guided through the Echo Canyon fortified area during the night in order that the Mormon militiamen might display their strength to the best advantage.

Great fires illuminated the canyon walls in a manner that left a lasting impression on the new governor. But he found no sign of hostility. In Salt Lake City, Brigham Young willingly vacated the office of governor—but not his control over the people.

Late in June, Johnston's Army marched through Salt Lake City and settled at Camp Floyd in Cedar Valley. The Utah War was over.



Author, top right, looks down at point manned by LDS guerrillas in Echo Canyon to hamstring Johnston's army.



Philo Dibble Jr., one of scouts sent by Brigham Young to spy on invaders, carved name on cliff near Evanston.